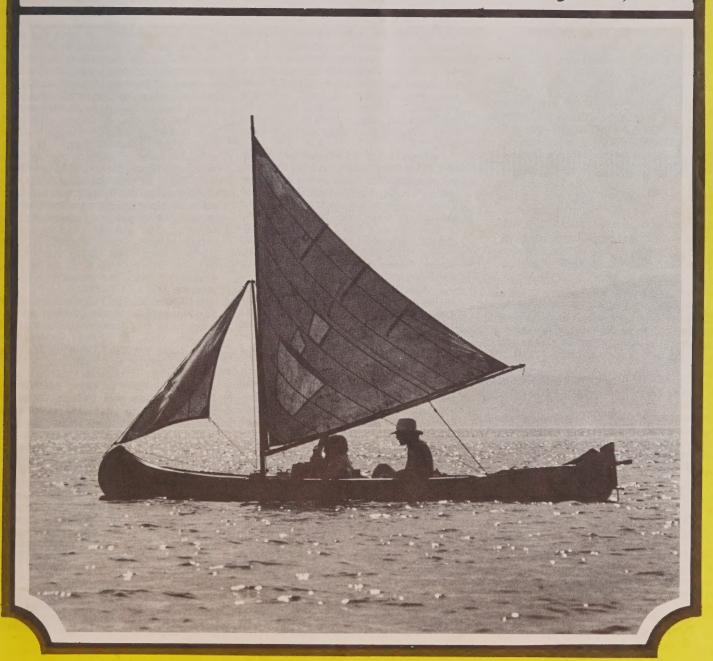


messing about in BOA18

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messing about in BOATS

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PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

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Our Next Issue...

We expect to devote the entire issue to the most interesting boats and people and happenings at the North American Small Boat Show in Newport, save for our regular columns, calendar, classifieds, etc. Every so often when the reason arises, we'll do this sort of thing.

ED. NOTE: About the wild promises I make here on what will be in the next issue: By the time I get to the next issue, circumstances require me to change my plans. This does not mean I'm discarding stories promised, I'm just putting them off until later, later, later... Stay tuned!

On the Cover. . .

David Buckman's photo of a sailing canoe at ease on Lake Winnepesaukee was sent to us to illustrate his news release on his new cruising guide to that lake (see the What's Happening pages) but it just caught the whole mystique of low budget cruising and its pleasures so well that we had to run it on the cover. Sure looks pleasant, and who cares about all those patches on the sails!

Gommentary



BOB HICKS

The dream of going off on a cruise on a boat is certainly a broad based one. Early in my own boating I read all the books about world cruises, subscribed to CRUISING WORLD, etc. I thought that was all there was on boat cruising. Long before I even got close to thinking about doing that sort of thing (I concluded finally that I'm not much of a long distance wanderer) I began to realize that the same sort of cruising adventures on a much scaled down level were going on all around us here in New England. There were people taking out small sailboats on week, two week, monthly cruises on the coast. Of course, lots of yachtsmen were doing this on their summer holidays.

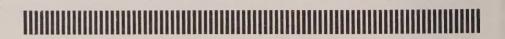
Even later on I began to realize that there were others cruising the coast in even smaller boats, open boats, or boats with tiny cuddy cabins. When I met Thor Thorsson, who took out skippered charters on week long cruises on Penobscot Bay in a 14 foot Lowell dory (sailrigged) I figured I had met the man who cruised with the minimum in a boat. Wrong. There turned out to be the sea kayakers.

Like all other sorts of boats, the sea kayaks have at their outer edge the explorers who go off to Labrador or Al aska somewhere on cruises. But most paddle locally on day trips. In between though are those who get out cruising on week long or even month long outings. Now here is BASIC CRUISING, It is comparable to the bicycle tourist who can be seen on the highways in summer. The fragile looking ten speeder is rigged out with saddlebags straddling the rear wheel, saddlebags straddling the front wheel, a handlebar bag or bedroll, and on the pedaller's back, a backpack. So the sea kayaker, all his gear is stuffed into that long slender hull or strapped on the deck with bungy cords. He doesn't wear a backpack. In a boat that is hardly bigger than the paddler in beam (longer than he of course) is packed all the gear for cruising. So you can go cruising in just about any sort of boat, size seems to only restrict the choice of locale and conditions, but not the urge to cruise.

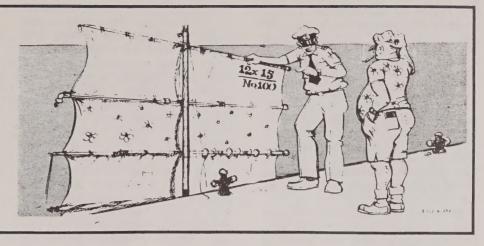
The boats we notice most today are in this lower budget cruising category, paddling, rowing, sailing. Canoes always have been utilized for cruising. their utilitarian function in pioneer days was to carry a man and his gear to where he wanted to go over the only lanes of passage possible in a wilderness, the streams and lakes. So you can get into cruising today in kayak or canoe, in small pulling boat of traditional type. in trailerable sailing craft that get called beach cruisers or camper cruisers. And you can, of course, motor off in a variety of small boats powered by inboard or outboard, funky old style cabin launches or modern planing hulls with some belowedecks facility provided.

Well, all this rambling is my way of expressing the thought that one need not bring along one's home afloat in order to enjoy the waterborne version of going camping. You can get away in such a variety of ways, from the small but well equipped equivalent to the mini-motor home to the equivalent of the bicycle tourist or even the pedestrian back-packer.

The cruise provides an apparently basic incentive to the residual adventurousness that lingers within our urban society, that of "going someplace". Most boats get used for going noplace. They go round and round or out and back locally. Lakebound craft are particularly subject to these limitations, unless the lake is a Winnepesaukee or Moosehead. And people have so many things demanding their time that they just get into the boat for an hour or two to be on the water near home base, be it residence or rented summer cottage or campsite. Still, if that was all there was to this game of messing about in boats, why would there be so much emphasis on cruising craft of all types? Because it's a basic dream, I guess. It can be realized ever more easily today. financially and in time committment. There are certainly enough options from which to choose.



Take a Look at the Junk Rig



A N OUTSTANDING aspect of our home-made Chinese junk sail trials in Southern Californian waters was the total lack of other experimenters. And that is in what constitutes possibly the highest density sailboat population in the Western world!

Our efforts were always greeted with the utmost respect by other sailboaters as undoubtedly the rig's historic reputation has been well deserved, but as noted by PBO's editor, America's chief expert Thomas E. Colvin, and possibly Colonel Hasler, there has been little adoption of the Chinese lug for Western hulls. Perhaps sailboaters have been too brainwashed by the prevalent 'computer-type' articles on sailing performance. discouraged by today's extremely high rig costs, or subconsciously fearful of further inroads on their boat's indifferent sailing performance.

With respect to this last point, my 26 foot Thunderbird sloop is one of the fastest and best sailing boats ever designed. But viewed objectively from my professional, Systems Safety Engineering viewpoint, I felt its performance was limited to too few conditions and its inadequacies too unnecessary and compelling—even if I weren't disabled to a degree by an advanced coronary condition.

I was determined to sail and experiment single-handedly, and wanted to eliminate those crawling trips to the foredeck to untangle something. Never again did I want to experience almost falling overboard, nor to collapse from fatigue for a short period in the cockpit after the strains of dealing with a thrilling but uncomfortable and wet thrash to windward. The Western rig viewed objectively, and not too simplistically, is a triangle with immense top hamper impart-

ing aerodynamic and weight inroads from a masthead apex which exists primarily for structural purposes.

Due to its highly stressed nature. its failure modes are numerous including the deadly 'single-thread' types, and no one could say that reefing is quick, safe, or easy. Moreover one always seems to need more sail area for light going. Conversely, the Chinese junk sail plan form is roughly rectangular. is stressed not only very lightly but has many features such as battens and ties which eliminate extensive failures. Unlike Western rigs it is low in plan form, one can hoist up a cloud of rectangular area always under control, reefing is easy and speed is proportionate to one's 'palm pain threshold' to a whizzing halyard.

Perhaps of primary importance, it can be fabricated from very low cost materials and repaired virtually anywhere, provided it hasn't been 'Westernized' to ruination. This 'Westernization' tendency isn't new. The editor of Yachting Monthly kindly sent me a 1924 article I requested which contained the following quotation: "The Surbiton balance lug is a Chinese sail ruined, and is by no means a sail to be out to sea with." (The Chinese Junk, An Appreciation, by Charles Jarrett.)

As Chinese junk sails are commonly woven mat, and their ropes of primitive quality, I'd recommend using materials outstanding for their weather resistance rather than hoped-for racing performance. Colvin's extensive cruising experience bears this out, and you'll find it mentioned in Clifford's Golden Lotus, and Brian Platt's High Tea.

I hope by now I have made the point that experimentation with junk sails is not only economical,

it-is downright cheap. One can expect little loss of sailing performance even with a poor junk sail (which we proved) and something of a new point is that sail-wise, 'you can have whatever you want—quickly!'

At this point I must repeat others' experiences which confirm that crude, working junk performances are frequently reported to equal to those of modern sleek yachts. It would seem that our current Western junk adaptions are too few in number to view conclusively, and that experiments by laymen and specialists alike will prove extremely beneficial to all concerned.

Our practical experiments began concurrently with my recovery from a heart attack, the need to unstep the T-Bird mast for some maintenance, and friend Nick Padilla's interest combined with his professional rigging experience and collection of a mass of junk spars, blocks, and cast-off hardware. Nick is a highly individual cruising type, tirelessly engaged in developing the simplest possible cruising boats and rigs, and much of the credit or blame for our first experiments must be attributed to him.

We quickly firmed up our Engineering and Experimental Production Plan, deciding that we would adhere strictly to an 'offthe-shelf' materials acquisition programme. This meant any shelf, be it garage, discount store, basement, or whatever. Nick had a spindly 30-foot solid spruce daysailer mast which had demonstrated its material properties for some years by holding up (1) a tree, and (2) his TV antenna, so this was pressed into use with a masthead ring for the single shrouds.

We have shrouds because I see

no reason or justification whatsoever for this mysterious 'no shroud' idea which has crept in. Mast rigidity, or springiness, is as yet an unknown quantity, and Brian Platt reports on early failures in 'improving' the Chinese rig with over stiff masts. We found we could use the shrouds as running backstays to the jib winches, and felt safer when running in strong winds with the admirable lugsail winged out fully, but somewhat balanced in contrast to Western Bermudian or gaff mainsails.

Selection of sail material was settled quickly by comparing sail-makers' quotes and the prices of two 12ft×15ft painters' cotton dust sheets. We had ample justification for this choice—Nick had already used one as a topsail on his 40-foot brigantine conversion when crossing from Los Angeles to Hawaii in winds which reached an estimated Force 8.

Remembering the primitive nature of some Chinese sail materials, we had only one sewn seam. Brian Platt described on-the-spot repair materials as glue and staples, so we made the best use of modern technology and acquired some off-the-

shelf wide, silver, adhesive-backed 'air-conditioning' tape. We taped edges; we taped the bottom fifth panel on after we found the mast didn't break; we taped a docksiderecut yard peaking in about forty minutes complete with craft-kit grommets; and we taped across the sail on both sides where the battens were tied through. I can see no justification at all for pocketed battens (think of all that machine sewing), nor for aerodynamically superior sail textiles. By fixing battens on both sides of the sail with a chafe-resistant strip (such as tape) you begin to get the rigidity required with thoroughly visible and repairable ties.

Nick selected the sail shape, with my concurrence, which had a topsail like appearance with good sounding lower, parallel, and equal size panels. This was a departure from most Chinese lugsails, which use an equidistant fanshaped batten pattern. It was also a major mistake. The oversize 'topsail' panel stretched and caused sagging on the four lower parallel battens. This can be cured by a roach-line, or by batten lines similar to a spider's web, but we

didn't go to these lengths as the sail drew quite well even though its appearance was poor. As you can see, I was well qualified to conclude that a poor Chinese lugsail will perform as well as a good Western sail.

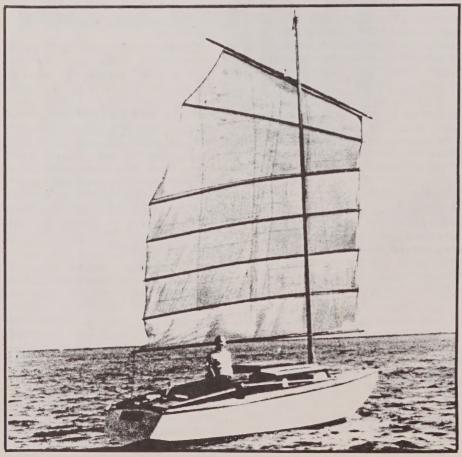
Nick had a tapered yard which was only broken half way through so we used it for the yard. The only item long enough to be the boom was a softwood curtain pole and, while it kept the lugsail taut, it bent exactly where and how you didn't want it to when sheeting home. Thus, yards (or gaffs) should be rigid and heavy (to guarantee reefing) and booms want to be rigid to allow good sail setting when hauled in.

A friend gave me some scrap solid resinglass rods which seemed stiff enough when we first looked at them for battens, but they bent too much in going to weather. I noted this in photos of Petersen's Hummel Hummel and developed an abiding distrust of camber in lugsails, particularly when we couldn't beat a well-sailed Folkboat in going to windward. I believe all junk sail experimenters with experience agree the value of a search for the stiffest possible battens to discourage bending and aerodynamic drag at the leach.

A free style off-the-shelf programme provides unlimited selection, and we took advantage of this when selecting our lines. A package of ski-rope worked nicely for a halyard (colour coding ?), some left-over nylon worked nicely for the lazy jacks and an attractively packaged quantity of household clothes-line was marvellous for ties, which held firmly and weathered well.

Tom Colvin kindly took time from his busy writing and building schedule to send me rough sketches of friction blocks and euphroes, and it was interesting to make the first of such items I'd ever seen from scrap mahogany in about thirty minutes. As we're 'against' varnishing, I log-oiled these and the ropes slide through the holes neatly and quietly as no sheaves, axles, or moving parts are involved. They are light, and I believe an improvement over heavier counterparts in terms of skull protection in coming about or complete, rapid reefing.

In due time we stepped the spindly mast and began to hoist the first complete junk sail we'd



Self-steering with the Chinese lugsail on the author's Thunderbird. Another panel was later taped onto the bottom of the sail.

ever seen in a highly unsatisfactory environment of high, gusty winds pouring down off the yard buildings. Subconsciously we expected a repetition of the usual flogging, banging, slatting chorus that attends hoisting of conventional rigs—instead to our complete amazement the big barn door of a sail hoisted neatly, the mess of lines adjusted themselves, and complete silence reigned as the lugsail swung silently through a few degrees with the wind.

We began to see how very small (in number and stature) oriental crews operate and live with mainsails ranging from 1000 - 2000 square feet! We nervously cast off in about a 25-knot wind on a broad reach, with the sail virtually all winged out and the mast bending interestingly. The T-Bird proceeded fast, quietly, and with no fuss whatsoever. Apparently taut Western rigs generate boundary layer decibels around stays and sails than we readily realize.

We ranged out along another T-Bird sailing under mainsail alone and proceeded to hold him boat for boat; not much of a tribute to the Western rig. Another day, we were slopping along downwind behind a crack resinglass racing sloop with everything flying including a spinnaker. He was in a typical rolling mode with the helmsman working the tiller desperately-in turn, as the junk sail is more symmetrical we had nothing to do but put our feet up and watch him while he very slowly pulled away. Later at the marina the owner himself admitted that as a special racing craft with about \$2000 worth of sails she didn't go all that much faster. I withheld my opinion that with a properly-setting junk sail we might go as fast.

With our humble materials, it is difficult to accurately assess our financial outlay, but I believe it was in the vicinity of \$40.00. Other findings were equally interesting. With no lead adjustment at all we could drive 45 degrees to the wind by compass check and, while the boat seemed to go slower with the lugsail into the wind, I feel we can eventually point higher without all the water being thrown around. Time after time we went into irons to adjust or re-tie something, and I was delighted to note that the T-Bird got underway in almost a straight line without the usual falling off—probably this was due to the lack of turning resistance imparted by the jib and forestay system, and more stabilized centres of effort and pressure through the sail / hull / rudder system.

It is hard to see how the wind can be rolled out of a junk sail as compared to a marconi sail with the violent boom fluctuations. Somehow, we never encountered any helm excesses, and self-steering seemed to be the order of the day. Most outstanding was the capability of working on the junk sail while underway. For instance, one day in a stiff thrash to windward with the sail on the lee side of the mast, a parrel line came loose. I went forward to re-tie it with the full expectation of getting the flogging and physical beating one gets from a Western sail. Not so-as the redundant parrel lines above and below the parted culprit kept the sail quietly within bounds I quickly and easily made the repair. When I get my Phase II junk sail completed, I am seriously going to experiment with leaving it up 24 hours a day in tight cruising anchorages.

As to Phase II junk sail specifics, I have acquired a 33-foot heavy wall aluminium mast 3.5 x 5 inches, and oval-shaped. I have shaped a close fitting balk of fir to strengthen the step. This balk also extends several feet up the mast to add rigidity and to provide a base for the hardware necessary to run the lines aft to the cockpit. I will also 'box' the mast in about 18 inches above the deckline so that I can try all sorts of hardware arrangement without extensive aluminium removal. The spar and boom will probably be Douglas Fir on the heavy side. I feel it best to possibly oversail and overspar junk sails as it is easier to subtract than to add.

The sail material will depend on price and weatherliness; sail cover material is being investigated, as is a sail recut from some unclaimed item abandoned at the sailmakers. As to battens, we can never get enough stiffness, so I am investigating 'seconds' from a nearby maker of resinglass masts and vaulting poles. Other special resinglass items are potentially available. I might add that Tom Colvin is specializing in heavy wall aluminium pipes for masts and lesser strength aluminium pipes for battens. I will definitely stay with the original system of sheetlets to each batten as so much adjustment is possible and I like the load spreading in event of gybes.

Incidentally, I find gybes nothing to fear. They are damped by the flat plate effect which provides obvious air resistance, the aerodynamic counterbalance, and the ability of the junk sail to flex extensively and distribute loads.

It may be apparent that this project minimized risk of loss or failure and maximized fun. Respectful docksiders not wanting to interrupt our activities would sidle up and thoughtfully finger our 'sailcloth'. Some exotic oriental import was supposed, and the discount store stencil 12 x 15 was

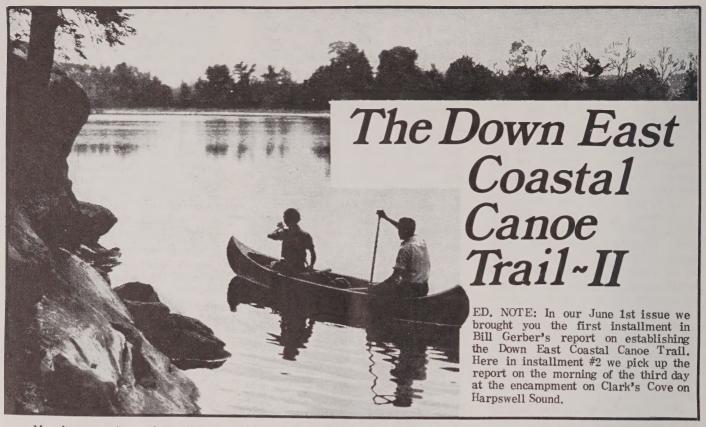
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thought to be some new Class Number or insignia. The busted, tapered spar yard and curtain pole boom (painted brown) occasioned furrowed brows, and some hopelessly invented knot denoted as a 'Fukien Hitch' or a 'Hanchow Paw' contributed to the madness. Polite, "I've never seen materials like this used around a boat before..." was frequently heard—veree true.

In conclusion, I hope that our experiences will encourage others. Perhaps a new group might result of people who are interested in the unique designs and materials (!) involved and would like to exchange ideas. At any rate, in my view experimenters will do well to study every junk picture they see as we've found the oriental almost always had a good reason for his doings with less tendency to bow to convention or superstition than his Western counterpart.

No one has ever questioned that the junks sail, and sail well. I suggest we try to divine more of their past wisdom, experiment and measure—then, if necessary 'reinvent a Western wheel'. Oriental methodology embraces low cost, handiness, repairability, safety, and (like the bumble bee) apparently has no concern for aerodynamics. I'm for giving it more of a try!

ED. NOTE: Norm Benedict is now very active in the Human Powered Vehicle Association, water division, a group of innovative thinkers determined to improve upon existing human powered ways for propelling boats. This article he published ten years ago in PRACTICAL BOAT OWNER, while dated in terms of expenses quoted, certainly illustrates the freedom from dogma that Norm has brought to his boating.



Morning came too early and, alas, neither my spirit nor my flesh were prepared. Impatient voices from outside the tent soon prevailed, however, and I pried myself out. Early riser that she is, Gerri seemed rather annoyed with me; in retrospect, I don't recall getting any sympathy from anyone. (Really now, Bev and Joel have to be dragged out most mornings; can't I get away with it this one time . . . ?) Fortunately no one takes it out on me though, the sausage and french to ast breakfast is superb and soon the body begins to function again. Shortly before we departed, a woman strolled by walking her dog. She seemed to be curious about us but didn't want to appear so. I sure hope she was because she got the full story!

The day was gray with forecasts calling for rain. About the time we pushed off it began to drizzle lightly. Enroute into the sound we slowed to watch some lobstermen at work. I had always thought traps were set one to a buoy. Not in this area. These guys fished out a buoy and then pulled up trap after trap, stacking each one on a platform behind them after they had emptied and rebaited it. When at last they pulled in a second buoy, at the other end of the string, they would maneuver their boat to a new position and heading. Then, while moving briskly along, they would drop the last buoy back in and then would go the traps, one after another until the whole string had been set. Clever! The lobsterman's approach to mass production.

As we neared the north end of the sound we checked out two more of the unclaimed islands, Uncle Zeke's and Strawberry. As a campsite, Strawberry would be quite nice for small groups. Potential users should check with the

town of Harpswell for permission to use the island. We scooted into Erwin Narrows with the wind and tide at our backs. Navigating into and through Long Reach required a little care, the channel was not always obvious and short cuts got us stuck in the mud. An interesting area, though. It seemed more like a southern bayou than a New England coastal river passage.

Arriving at Gurnet Straight, we became aware that the water on the far side of the Brunswick Sebascodegan bridge was about "two feet" higher than it was on our side and the current was "ripping" against us. A sizeable power boat attempted to go through ahead of us. He crept through at full throttle, barely making it. There was no hope of paddling against that current and no place to stand within reasonable proximity from which canoes could be "lined" through. A "local" told us to be patient, that the current would subside in a half hour. OK, so we had lunch and searched for lobsters and waited, and waited. After about two hours it was still "ripping" and we elected to portage across the road (Ah, locals, what do they know?) By the time we finished this task (didn't we agree to go "light" on this trip?) the current was beginning to subside. So we might soon have been able to paddle through.

As we got underway again, we encountered thickening fog. In a while we fanned out three boats abreast at the very limits of visibility, just to find first the marker buoys and then the upper reaches of the New Meadows River. It worked. We didn't blunder into any of the many little dead end coves in the area. By late afternoon we groped our way into Sawyer Park. With the day being

cold and wet and rain still threatening, we set up the tarp and warmed up the soup. It hit the spot!

Sawyer is managed by the Brunswick Department of Recreation and their permission should be obtained before using the park for overnight camping. It is intended to be a picnic area and, somehow, there were a few good spots on which to pitch tents. Also there seemed to be continuous activity all around us throughout the evening and night in spite of the weather. One alternative to camping in the park might be to put up at the New Meadows Inn, across the river. Too soft? Well, maybe, but . . . No matter, the lobsters for dinner that evening made up for any inconveniences and besides, we had been spoiled by the elegant campsites of the two preceding nights.

Morning comes and I'm awake an hour early. (There is no justice!) The sun is up and the day is bright. For once I get the coffee water on. Ern and Gerri soon turn out to start breakfast. This morning it's eggs with cheese, hash browns and english muffins. Wow! We were to effect a partial change of crew here. Bob and Peter intended to leave the trip and another person was to re-place them. But they are not here and we soon get word that they aren't coming. So we modify our plans and load our gear into Bob's big Suburban. He will truck our gear around while we paddle across New Meadows Lake as far up as the old New Meadows/Peterson canal as we canget. Then we'll truck the canoes around too.

The old canal is quite interesting. It was built in the early 1790's to transport logs from the Kennebec and Androscoggin Rivers to the tidal sawmills that had been built along the upper New

Meadows River. Though apparently not too successful, the canal remained in service for a dozen or so years. Tidal currents kept it open and flowing as late as 1911 but, since then, causeways built at each end have cut off the flow and the canal is now choked with alders and brush. The water at the southern end was by far the "scuzziest" that we encountered throughout the trip. An effort some years ago to re-open the canal and flush out the stagnant water failed because the people of West Bath did not want "that dirty Kennebec water in our clean New Meadows". Too bad; the historical records suggest that when the canal was open, the flow was almost exclusively from south to north; ie., from the New Meadows, where the tide came in first and rose higher, to the Kennebec. Had the canal been re-opened, it should have flushed out the upper reaches of New Meadows Lake in short order. A onetime injection of polluted waters into the Kennebec, with its volume of flow, would hardly have been noticed. Furthermore, the canal would then have provided a protected route for small boats extending from Augusta, Bath and Boothbay on the eastern side of the Sabino Peninsula, to Portland and Casco Bay and the west.

Our morning goes according to plan. We paddle across the lake and get about a mile into the canal before our way is blocked and we are forced to take out. Meanwhile, searching for access to the Kennebec, Bob finds an obscure dirt road that reaches the riverbank just south of Lines Island. He unloads and then returns to pick us all up. We have to wait until the tide is in before we can launch, so we break for lunch. Afterwards we say goodbye to Bob and Peter and the two of them depart in Bob's Suburban.

By the time the canoes are again loaded the tide has almost reached us, and shortly we are again underway. I elected to solo the "Charger" from the center and distributed my gear fore and aft accordingly. I quickly learn this may be a fine place to be in white water but it leaves a lot to be desired for distance addling. But our destination is only a short distance away, and with a lot of grunting, I hold my own against the "Trippers".

Sturgeon Island, near the end of Merrymeeting Bay, was one of the unclaimed islands offered to the Club by BPL. As of the time of our trip it was one of the few remaining islands for which we had not found an owner and so we included it in our route. Shortly thereafter, however, we did determine that it was privately owned. Too bad, it was an excellent location. We quickly learned however that flat spots suitable for accommodating our tents were almost nonexistent. Somehow we managed.

Another person was to join the trip that evening and so, while the cooks worked on supper, three of us paddled two canoes to the meeting place. After a long wait we decided we had a second no-show and returned. Dinner was ready and certainly upheld the tradition. There was hot sweet and sour soup, cucumber salad and shrimp fried rice, followed by freshly baked cake with mandarin or-

anges and pineapple. Sunset across Merrymeeting Bay was absolutely magnificent that night.

Next morning, even Ern and Gerri's excellent blueberry pancakes couldn't dissipate the thick fog that had rolled in overnight. Everything was packed away damp. By the time we set out, though, the fog had thinned enough for us to find our markers and checkpoints enroute down the Kennebec. That was a good as it would get all day. Learning from my mistake of the preceding day, I loaded our water jugs into the "Charger's" bow and packed most of my heavier items as far forward as I reasonably could. Crawling into the stern, I found that the bow was still up a little and the canoe still tended to weathervane around the stern some. (It must have been the effects of all the royal dining we were doing!) Since we were paddling almost straight into the wind I found I could maintain course if I didn't let the bow fall off too much. Shortly the old Boothbay boys' camp slid by, then Thorne Head, and Day's Ferry. Before long the Carlton Bridge could be seen eeriely through the fog, then more clearly. We made a stop at the Bath town dock and fanned out for groceries, fuel and incidentals. Ernie and I remained behind to keep an eye on things. It seemed to take the others for-

Eventually they returned and we quickly repacked, loaded up and set out, passing under the bridge beyond which we turned left into the Sasanoa River. The current was with us and we scooted all the way to Hockomock Bay. Crossing it brought us to the northern end of Beal Island where we discovered that the flood tide had already begun in earnest and was moving quite smartly through Lower Hall Gate. By playing the eddies along the shore we managed to make our way against this tide but not without considerable difficulty. Eventually we reached Beal's south beach and took out.

Rain was threatening and the temperature was dropping so we got the tarp up and followed that quickly with the stove and soup pot. We had worked coming around the island against the tide, it was now well past lunch time and we hadn't eaten since breakfast. Hot soup will help a lot and at this moment seemed more a necessity than a luxury. Rain began to fall before the soup was hot, lightly at first, then heavily. We had forgotten to fill the water jugs when we passed through Bath so Bev set out pots along the edge of the tarp to catch rainwater. Finally, hot soup; my kingdom for a bowl!

We had noted other tents on the island as we came ashore, and while we were making lunch, several campers came by and told us they were from the Chewonki Foundation and were engaged in a training expedition for a forthcoming ecology/environmental instruction program. They were quite interested in our little adventure.

After lunch, Ernie and I decided to paddle over to a nearby marina which advertises hot showers and laundry. We'd been out five days and these facilities sounded quite inviting. It took a half hour to paddle across against the wind. Pas-

sing a number of elegant yachts swinging gently at their moorings, we tied up at the dock and headed for the business office. Greeted by an attractive and friendly woman, we were asked which yacht we were from. When she learned that we had arrived by canoe she informed us that the facilities were for the exclusive use of those renting long term moorings, the laundry closed at four and the restaurant didn't open until ... The message was clear, our "yacht" didn't qualify. We departed tight jawed.

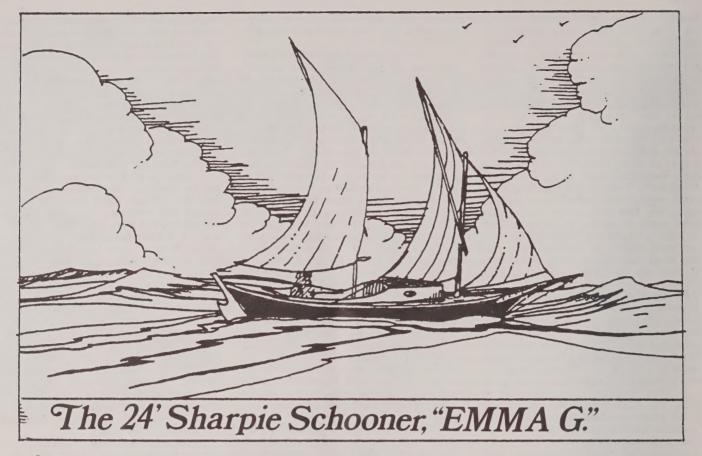
Enroute back to the island, we stopped by Knubble Bay Camp and learned that the cottage there would be unoccupied that evening. Our gear is wet, we are wet and cold, the cottage is warm and dry. We decided that the cottage needed us! It took us an hour and a half to shift location. Once unloaded, we left the canoes tied up, but upright, on the KBC beach. By the time the fire is roaring in the pot-belly stove and our gear is hung up to dry, it is quite dark out. But, of course, with such a late lunch, who would have wanted dinner on time? Dinner began with a wine and cheese course. followed by a salad, ham and squash and dessert. Of course, the dessert was not quite at reflector oven standards. but it disappeared no less rapidly. It rained quite heavily all night, its patter on a ROOF is better than a lullaby and we all sleep very well.

Dawn breaks bright and sunny, the storm has passed on by. At breakfast Ernie had little appetite and soon concluded that he had caught a "bug", so we decided to remain at KBC until the next day. Everyone was weary and a day of rest would be most welcome. Checking on the canoes, I discovered that they held quite large amounts of fresh water and decided to use this for a shampoo. (I've since learned that Joy dishwashing detergent makes a fine saltwater shampoo, why wait for fresh water?) When I returned with freshly washed head; Bev and Gerri decide that they can use baths. The rest of us remained discreetly at the cottage and when they returned refreshed in body and spirit, I inquired as to which boat was used as the "tub". When they told me it was mine, I asked them to be sure they had scrubbed out

the "ring around my boat."

As someone had rented the cottage for the weekend, I moved out that day and set up my tent out back. That evening a woman arrived with two young teenage children. She had never been "Camping" before and was counting on her children's experience. She was agreeable to permitting our two couples to stay on another evening in the cottage and share the kitchen. We concluded she was relieved to have found adult company and a measure of experience. We invited her and the kids to join us for dinner, helped them get settled in, and during the evening endeavored to give her as much local information and advice on camping as she could absorb. Our plans were to be up at 5:30 a.m. the next morning so we eventually excused ourselves from our stimulating new friends and turned

(continued next issue)



Sharpies are fascinating boats; simple to build, the material costs are low and they are easy to handle. Many sailors are attracted by the idea that for a relatively small investment of time and money they can be on the water. When a sharpie is schooner rigged and as pretty as this one, the allure is even stronger than usual. In fact, a sharpie can be a smart sailer too. So why aren't there more of them? Well, economics for one thing; sharpies are reputed to be bad investments. No less a sharpie authority than Phil Bolger points out that you can't get back the money you put into one of these boats without waiting years to sell her. Other problems include the often cramped or even unuseable cabins (due to the centerboard trunk), the frightening angle of heel of some sharpies and the danger of filling the deep cockpits in rough water. Taken one at a time, these faults can be minimized in my view.

I remember a sharpie that was for sale up in Greenwich, Conndcticut once. It seemed to be an old Billy Atkin design; perhaps SHORELINER, About 24' long with a beam of 8' or so, she was rigged as a gaff cutter with a plumb bow and a bowsprit. With her little boxy cabin and strong sheer, she was a little vessel with an awfully strong character. She needed work; paint, of course, inside and out, some new planks on the bottom and also in the transom and the rigging needed to be looked over carefully. The usual old wooden boat. The price? About the same as a round bottom boat of her displacement and this despite a huge centerboard trunk taking up the entire length of the cabin. And the owner sold her too, and easily.

She was up for sale again a year later. Perhaps her new owner found her not as fast as he wished or disliked being shipmate to a centerboard trunk (I know I would). Anyhow, he had no problem selling her either; also at a good price. The reason was the classic appearance of the little boat; she was so salty she made your eyes tear. And that's the secret; there seems to always be a market for real salty, classic boats. (In a similar vein, I have personal experience with a 22 ton gaff tops'l ketch of uncertain parentage that seemed certain to be a white elephant. Not so. She was sold shortly after being placed on the market; more because of her ratlines and sterncastle windows than anything else, no doubt).

The boat pictured herewith is salty enough. Based loosely on the Tancook Whaler, she has the extreme sheer, low freeboard and the clipper bow, trail boards and a bowsprit of classic good looks. This is the kind of boat that people fall in love with. Of course she is not a Tancook Whaler; she's much lighter and easier to build, not quite as beautiful and probably not as good a sailboat. But the investment in building and keeping her would be smaller.

It would be hard to deny that the schooner is the most beautiful rig of all. Last summer, while sailing on a friend's Friendship sloop with a gang of eight or ten city people aboard, a 28 Tancook sailed alongside for a while on a converging course. We were both beating upsound in a stiff breeze and the Tancook's solo crew, an old guy with a pipe, was wedged into the aft corner of the cockpit. The sight of the little schooner,

heeled sharply and throwing spray, was unforgettable. Everyone aboard our boat was oohing and aahing, including me. It was some sight.

The rig on this boat is simple; no standing rigging, just the traditional sprit rig with a loose-footedfore, boomed main and the jib set flying. Although the sail plan shows two jibs, they are meant to be used one at a time. Because the jibs are set flying, there is no headstay to interfere with the 75 square foot drifter when tacking. The main is 190 square feet, the fore 167 and the working jib 54 for a total of 411 square feet. This is certainly ample to drive this light boat. Despite two sails which are not self-tending, with proper fairleads and cleating angles, the sails should be easy to handle. The height of the rig is low; power with low heeling effect.

There is no centerboard in this boat. The loss of space in the tiny cabin would be too great. She has no leeboards either. There are a few reasons for this: the appearance of leeboards would not enhance the beauty of the design in the least. Although I have seen many designs and boats with leeboards, and even designed and built a few myself. I have yet to see a system that is both simple and effective. Complex hinges, bolts and special castings are subject to problems and are expensive; simpler arrangements using lines are sloppy and break from time to time. For small boats up to around 18' or so, they're okay, but as the leeboard gets larger it gets harder to handle. At least this has been my ex-

Our schooner has a long fin keel of iron bolted to the bottom, with ad-

ditional inside ballast to bring her to her lines. Simple. She still draws only three feet and for many areas (such as Long Island Sound where I live) beachability and shoal draft aren't necessary although they are nice to have. The iron fin should also work to lessen the extreme angle of heel that long, narrow boats are prone to.

The lack of the centerboard trunk provides a nice snug cabin with space for gear, a few canoe chairs, sleeping bags. a seaswing stove, kerosene lantern and. of course, the cedar bucket. Water could be kept under the cockpit seats. There is enough room to sprawl out in a sleeping bag both below and in the large cockpit. A few vents here and there would make the cabin more liveable. The cockpit coamings are high enough for back comfort and the lack of the self-bailing false cockpit floor provides plenty of room for stretching out one's legs.

Bulkheads fore and aft seal off foam filled chambers that provide sufficient buoyancy to keep the boat afloat in case of an upset. I doubt whether it could be self-rescued when swamped but she would at least not sink and could be towed

awash to shore.

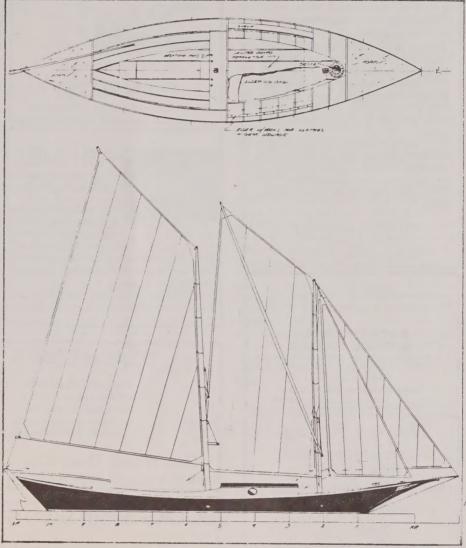
As far as performance is concerned, I spend a lot of time each summer crewing for a friend aboard his 110, a boat not too different from this sharpie, very fast and handy, she's a lot of fun to sail. The 110 moves very well to windward; something the sharpie wouldn't do quite so well with her sprit rig. But if she's not pinched too much she'll get to windward in a workmanlike way. A boat like this is really handy in an anchorage as she turns on a dime, so no outboard provision is made. I imagine that a bracket could be bolted up somewhere. A long oar would be much better if a place to stow it could be found. Perhaps a two-piece oar?

If I were to build this schooner I would build her of cedar, oak and fir. I think that being built of plywood, more than the matter of being flat-bottomed, lessens a boat's value. Plywood is not cheap, is difficult to finish well (unless it is VERY expensive plywood) and somehow always looks like plywood. I would at least plank the topsides with cedar; a plywood bottom would have some advantages and it isn't often seen. But, scarfing and butting those large, awkward panels, getting epoxy all over everything, leads to bad language. I would fasten with bronze as the quality of galvanized fastenings today is so poor. The cost of screws, nails, etc. is but a small portion of the total cost if a boat, even one as simple as this.

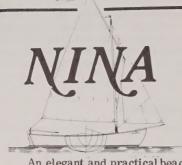
This sharpie schooner would be an inexpensive boat to build for her length. Naturally, she's much less boat than most 24 footers. She's more like the 19' Alberg Typhoon in terms of displacement and interior space and cost. But, she would be faster reaching and running than the Typhoon, has a much roomier cockpit, and to my eye is some prettier. If you keep your boat on a mooring (as most sailors I know do, who can afford a slip in western Long Island Sound?) the extra length is no handicap.

For the sort of use this boat is designed to provide, daysailing and weekending, she seems ideal. For the cost, it's hard to imagine a nicer boat. Roaring up the Sound on a broad reach in a breeze of wind, the schooner rig pulling and the spray flying, would be hard to beat. Anchoring for the night off the sand pit at Lloyd's and dining in the cockpit under a darkening sky, the riding light hoisted up the mainmast and the ensign limp in the evening calm: this is the life!

Report & Illustrations by Daniel Marcus





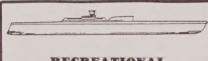


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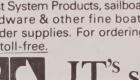
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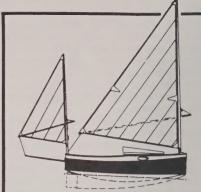


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"THE NORTH RIVER SKIFF"



One of the great pleasures in life is waking up on a fine summer morning on the boat and having that first cup of coffee in the cockpit. As the sun pierces the dawn haze and the geese paddle out to feed, the cry of the morning rowers is heard upon the day. Six rowers and a cox'n streak across Echo Bay. Hungh! Hungh! Hungh! Pull! Hungh! Actually, it's quite inspiring and usually enough to get me to finish up my coffee and drop into the skiff for a quick row out around the bell buoy and back. This solo canoe is designed for such summer mornings. Calm waters and the paddle digging deep; the canoe tracking fast and clean. This kind of thing is quite good exercise if you kneel instead of sit and really get your

body into the stroke. Not to mention much more fun than jogging.

The canoe is made of good quality mahogany plywood and sitka spruce (or other light wood). She measures 15' 9-1/2" x 2' 3-1/2" x 3" or so loaded. All up weight should be about 30 pounds if built carefully. She is a bit uncommon both in design and construction. The design is based on a canoe by Howie Le-Brant that I saw in a magazine once and was quite taken by. As I drew her lines the main thing that I was after was speed; secondarily, ease of building. She should be fast. With a long waterline and very little wetted surface a good paddler should be able to get her up past 5 knots and keep her there.

As far as construction goes, she is simple although a little odd. Lofting is easy; only a few lines to draw and each bottom section is an arc of a 3' radius circle, as are the bow and stern profile. She is built on a ladder frame in the usual way with a temporary stem and stern piece which are removed as the side panels are marked for cutting. Molds are 1/2" plywood. Chines and keelson should be sitka spruce and the boat is bronze fastened and epoxy glued. This canoe would be a good first project for someone unfamiliar with lofting.

Although unusual inform because of her hard chine and sharply tumblehome sides, she should be very striking looking; especially if finished bright. Any number of seating arrangements are possible; my preference would be for a simple curved thwart to lean my but against while kneeling on the floorboards. Because of the extreme tumblehome the use of a double paddle while sitting on a

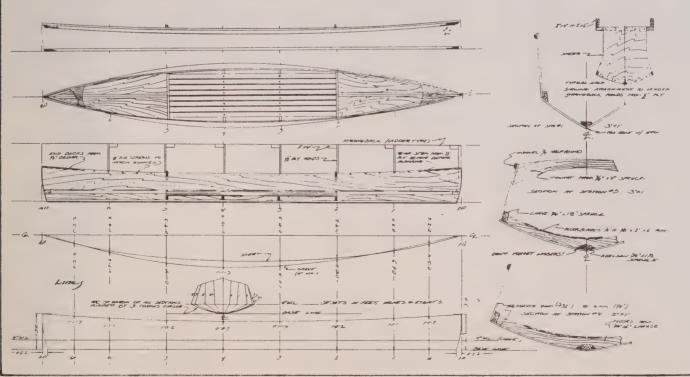
cushion is easy.

Basically this canoe is a fast playboat. She could be used for short camping trips I guess; and you would get there quickly, but she really couldn't stand the kind of inattention that comfortable cruising demands. When I paddle off across a remote lake somewhere I don't want to be worrying about my boat dropping me into freezing water if I turn to look at a loon. This boat has no reserve stability; if you lean too far over she'll dump you out and laugh. Such is the price of extreme speed and ease of paddling.

But for that early morning paddle, slipping across the bay, paddling hard and moving fast, she would be hard to

beat.

This radical canoe is a fast playboat!



JUNE 14 & 15: NAVAL ACADEMY SAIL TRAINING SLOOPS VISIT MAINE MAR. ITIME MUSEUM, BATH, ME.

The U.S. Naval Academy sail training sloops will be at the Percy & Small Shipyard in Bath on these two days for a visit and will be viewable by the public.

JUNE 16: OCEAN SURFING KAYAK OUTING, NEW YORK OR NEW JERSEY SHORE.

This will be an opportunity to try out surf paddling for sea kayakers with some experts. Final location is yet to be selected. Contact Chuck Sutherland for details at (914) 769-1651.

JUNE 17: FLATWATER CANOE BEGIN-NER INSTRUCTION, CAMP FARLEY, MASHPEE, MA.

This is a second chance this spring for the novice canoeist to gain some instruction in flatwater technique. Canoes should be available for those not able to bring their own. Contact Chuck Wright at (617) 564-4250 for further details.

JUNE 20-22: CANOE CRUISE TO CUT-TYHUNK, ISLAND.

This is a tentative trip across 18 miles of open ocean suitable only for experienced canoeists, and it will be subject to the right weather conditions. Contact Chuck Wright at (617) 564-4250 for more information. Sea kayakers might find this of interest also.

JUNE 23: 3RD ANNUAL L.L. BEAN CANOE DAY, YARMOUTH WATER-WORKS, YARMOUTH, ME.

L.L. Bean sponsors this all day canoe outing starting at 9 a.m. Bring your own canoe, try one of theirs. There will be various vendors on hand with tryout canoes, introductory canoeing instruction, and a 3 mile race. Sea kayaks will alse be available for tryout. For further details and registration, call L.L. Bean at (207) 865-4761, Ext. 2106.

JUNE 23 & 24: OCEAN SURFING FOR SEA KAYAKERS, RHODE ISLAND AREA.

This is a tentative trip planned. more details nextissue, or contact Chuck Sutherland at (914) 769-1651.

APPRENTICESHOP TO OFFER A ONE WEEK BOATBUILDING PROGRAM

The Apprenticeshop in Rockport. ME will host a six day boatbuilding workshop led by Simon Watts, editor of FINE WOODWORKING (which includes boats in his case). Simon will lead 8 students in building a 10' lapstrake pram which will be launched on the Sunday at the conclusion of the workshop. Tuition is \$240, and the dates are August 6-11. To find out more contact the Apprenticeshop at (207) 236-9646.

JUNE 28-JULY 4: 4TH ANNUAL ADI-RONDACK GUIDEBOAT SHOW & RACE. SARANAC LAKE, NY.

Sixteen Adirondack Guideboats will be on display during this week at the Harrietstown Town Hall in Saranac Lake. headed by an H. Dwight Green 1901 model, restored over a year by Dale Ferris of Boonville, NY. Others will include restorations and some in original condition. The show is open daily from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. at no admission cost. In addition to the boats, audio-visual displays showing construction will be in operation and displays of the tools and materials used will be shown. Also some building demonstrations and guideboat rides will be featured.

On July 1st the annual Willard Hanmer Guideboat & Canoe Race is scheduled. Canoes, kayaks, guideboats, rowing shells and war canoes are all past participants. The course will be on Lake Flower and the Saranac River, with only the one-man guideboat class required to use the river section and do

the portage.

Full details on the show and race are available from the Saranac Lake Area Chamber of Commerce, 30 Main St. Saranac Lake, NY 12983, Call Kath-leen Ivimey at (518) 891-1990 if you prefer to phone.

JUNE 30: 3RD ANNUAL ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOAT SHOW & PARADE, BAY SHORE, NY.

The Long Island Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society hosts this first gathering of the season for classic boats at the Bay Shore Yacht Club. It is open to the public at no admission charge from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. In the later afternoon the runabouts will race in Great South Bay and parade along nearby canals. For further details on participation or spectating, contact Bob Melrose at (516) 549-8137.

JUNE 30: LAND & SEA RACE, DAN-VERS, MA.

The 6th Annual Land & Sea Race in Danvers, MA includes a 13 mile race for boats powered by oar, paddle, sail or other human energy (no motors). It starts at Pope's Landing on the Danvers River, and goes downstream to Beverly Harbor, thence out and around Misery Island, and back. Pre-entry is required, deadline is June 13th, fee is \$10. The event is a benefit for local charities run by the Polish Club. For entry form (which has on the back a detailed map of the course) write to Land & Sea Race, P.O. Box 475, Danvers, MA 01923. The entry fee covers a T-shirt and free beer at the finish for participants. It's a "fun" race, not a serious competitive event. Of course, certain serious participants carry on their own private races within the race.

JULY 1: TIDAL CANOE TRIP, NO. FALMOUTH, MA

This trip will explore harbors along the shore of Buzzards Bay. The 1983 trip took place in 35 mph winds that provided surfing on the shore and an island stopover for sunning and swimming. Contact Chuck Wright at (617) 564-4250.

JULY 3: WHITEWATER CANOE TRIP. MAINE.

Contact Bob Nixon at (617) 822-5768 for details.

JULY 14 - 15: TIDAL CANOE TRIP, KNUBBLE BAY, ME.

Exporation of the tidal waters in and around the AMC camp at Knubble Bay. Contact Judy O' Bryant at (617) 587-3370.

JULY 21: TIDAL CANOE TRIP, EAST-HAM, MA.

This will be a fun day of canoeing the marsh, swiming and picnicing at the inlet and playing in the waves just outside, all at Nauset Inlet on the Cape. Contact Bob Scolomiero at (617) 848-

JULY 21-22: AMC SEA KAYAK OVER-NIGHT TRIP TO MARTHA'S VINYARD

Contact Phil Bartels at (617) 872-3046 for details.

JULY 21-23: FRIENDSHIP SLOOP WEEKEND, MAINE MARITIME MUS-EUM, BATH, ME.

The annual gathering of Friendship sloops moves to Bath this year and will sail up the Kennebec River on the morning tide on the 21st to the Percy & Small Shipyard for a weekend of activities. They will be joined by the tall ships WESTWARD and PRIDE OF BALTIMORE for a downriver departure parade on the 23rd.

FRED J. DION CUP

A Traditional Wooden Boat Regatta

On July 28th the second running of this race for traditional wooden sailing yachts will be held off Marblehead and Salem, MA. Named in honor of long time Salem boatbuilder Fred Dion, it is intended to promote a festive day of competition for owners of traditional type wooden yachts that do not find such opportunities readily available today. The basic criteria are that the boats be over 32 feet long on deck and be built prior to 1955. Complete details may be obtained from Justine Wetherald at (617) 744-0844, or write to the Fred J. Dion Cup. 23 Glendale St. Salem, MA 01970. The race committee includes Fred Atkins. Jeffrey Barrows and John Clayman.



Thirteen major meets of antique and classic boats are on the summer calendar within reach of our New England readers.

JUNE 30: Antique & Classic Boat Show, Bay Shore Yacht Club, Long Island, NY Contact Bob Melrose at (516) 549-8137.

JULY 13-15: Matthews Owners 7th Annual Rendezvous, Greenport, NY. Contact E.M. Penny at (516) 728-0668.

JULY 14-15: Lake Hopatcong 10th

Annual Boat Show, Lake Hopatcong, NJ. Contact Clifford E. Shipman II at (201)

398-0017 evenings.

JULY 14: Alexandria Bay Vintage Boat Show, Alexandria Bay, NY. Contact John N. Russell at (315) 482-9911.

JULY 20-22: Richardson Boat Owners Association National Rendezvous. Geneva, NY. No contact provided.

JULY 21: Finger Lakes ACBS Meet, Seneca Falls, NY. Contact Al Pecken-paugh at (607) 387-9357.

JULY 27-28: Annual Antique & Classic Boat Meet, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT. Contact Lisa Brownell at (203) 572-0711.

JULY 28-29: New England ACBS Meet, Weirs Beach, NH. Contact Richard C. Burchell at (603) 293-7515.

AUGUST 2-3: Chris Craft Jambo-Clayton, NY. Contact Bo Collins at

(315) 686-4104. AUGUST 3-5: Shipyard Museum 20th Annual Antique Boat Show & Parade, Clayton, NY. Contact Bo Collins at (315) 686-3104.

AUGUST 24-26: Adirondack Meet, Lake George, NY. Contact Jack Binley at (518) 543-6002.

AUGUST 25-26: Herreshoff Rendezvous, Bristol, RI. Contact Halsey Herreshoff at (401) 253-6660.

SEPTEMBER 9: Niagara Frontier ACBS Meet, Buffalo, NY. Contact Zeke Zeisz at (716) 695-1989.

WOODEN BOAT SCHOOL COURSES FOR JULY

The following courses are scheduled at the Wooden Boat School in Brooklin, ME for July:

JULY 1-6: Building the Nutshell

Pram Kit, Eric Dow. JULY 1-6: Art of Boatbuilding, Bud McIntosh.

JULY 1-6: Small Open Boat Cruising, Ben Fuller.

JULY 8-13: Designing Patterns & Casting Hardware, Michael Podmaniczky & Richard Remsen.

JULY 8-20: Lines and Shapes of

Boats, Dave Dillon. JULY 8-27: Theory & Practice of

Boatbuilding, Arno Day.

JULY 15-20: Metalworking for
Woodworkers, Tony Millham.

JULY 22-27: Building the Nutshell

Pram Kit, Eric Dow.

JULY 22-27: Able Seamanship, Ben

Ellison. JULY 29-AUGUST 3: Sailmaking, Robin Lincoln.

JULY 29-AUGUST 3: Half Models,

Eric Dow. JULY 29-AUGUST 3: Oar & Paddle Making, LOU McIntosh.

All the courses are by prior registration and many may be full up by now. For more information call Peter Anderheggen at (207) 359-4651.

SAILING CANOE RACING SCHEDULE

The canoe sailors of the American Canoe Association have a rather full calendar of races in New England and nearby New York and New Jersey for the coming season. If this sort of boating sounds interesting you can learn more by calling Larry Zuk in Concord, MA at (617) 369-6668. The dates through July are as follows:

JUNE 16-17: Croton-on-Hudson Festival, Croton on Hudson, NY. (201) 842-6671.

JUNE 23: NCSS Summer Series #2,

Rumson, NJ (201) 842-6671.

JUNE 23-24: High Performance Regatta, Barrington, RI. (401) 253-2261. JUNE 24: ACA Class Regatta, Lake

Sebago, NY. (914) 657-8452.

JUNE 30-JULY 1: Atlantic Divis-

ion Championships, Lake Sebago, NY. (914) 657-8452.

JULY 4: Sebago Series #3, Sebago Lake, NY (914) 657-8452.

JULY 7: Atlantic Division Champ-

ionships, Rumson, NJ. (201) 842-6671. JULY 7-8: Atlantic Division Championships, City Island, NY. No phone

JULY 14: Long Island Canoe & Kayak Show, Oakdale, NY. (516) 546-

JULY 14-15: New England Division Championships, Merrymeeting Lake, NH. (603) 772-2306.

JULY 21: NCSS Summer Series #3, Rumson, NJ. (201) 842-6671.

ALDEN OCEAN SHELL MEETS FOR THE SUMMER:

Owners of Alden Ocean Shells and interested other persons can enjoy several outings in the next couple of months, as follows:

JUNE 16: Squamscott Scullers Regatta, Stratham, ÑH. Contact Ernie Bayer, 371 Washington Rd. Rye, NH 03870. JULY 7: Eighth Annual Casco Bay

Cruise, Casco Bay, ME. Contact Hargy Heap, 48 Pleasant St. Yarmouth, ME 04096.

JULY 21: Twelfth Annual Isles of Shoals Race, Kittery Pt. ME. Contact Arthur Martin, P.O. Box 251, Kittery Point, ME 03905.

AUGUST 18-19: Martin Oarmaster Regatta, Schroon Lake, NY. Contact Pete Smith, RD #1, Box 65, River Rd. North Creek, NY 12853.

AUGUST 19: New Meadows River Cruise, Brunswick, ME Contact John Chandler, Jr. 6 Brookmere Way, Brunswick, ME 04011.

For all information about the Alden Ocean Shell Association, contact Ernestine Bayer, 371 Washington Rd., Rye, NH 03870.

CRUISING GUIDE TO LAKE WINNEPE-SAUKEE PUBLISHED



David Buckman of Gilford, NH, who has adventured along the Maine and New Brunswick coasts in his modified Lightning sloop with his wife Leigh, and written of these trips in bygone issues of SMALL BOAT JOURNAL, has now published a 104 page cruising guide to his home territory, New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee. Buckman has put together the "local knowledge" of a number of local Lake boatmen in this illustrated handbook. With over 200 miles of coastline, Lake Winnepesaukee is not just a Sunday afternoon cruise to see it all. The available charts, like those for the Atlantic coast, often suggest reference to local knowledge. Well, here it is. If you have thought of trying Lake Winnepesaukee in any sort of craft, this book, at \$7.95 (plus \$1 if mail ordered) is well worthwhile. If your local marina or bookstore does not stock LAKE WIN-NEPESAUKEE CRUISING GUIDE, send the \$8.95 to Eastworks, 18 Ridgewood Ave. Gilford, NH 03246.

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